Cold Feet

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by Anna_Jay

Summary

Short fic about Hannibal searching for werewolf!Will in the dead of night. Pure fluff.

Notes

So. You all might be thinking "Why on earth are you posting new fanfiction and not finishing your old stories?"
That, dear readers, is an excellent question. I'm trying to get back into the swing of things and this short, fluffy story sprang into mind.
Based on a tumblr post I saw about a year ago stating lovers can help revert werewolves back to their human forms by either being near them or giving them clothing (or something along those lines)

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal's eyes snap open as a howl pierces through the air. He sits up and his hand reaches across the bed, even though he knows the occupant is long gone. His suspicions are confirmed as he feels untucked blankets and cold sheets. Hannibal sighs and climbs out of the bed. He changes out of his sleep clothes and grabs Will's jacket and a pair of sweat pants as he makes his way to the front door.

The door is unlocked and unhinged, but the dogs are still in the house, crowding around the entryway. They whine and whimper, glancing at Hannibal as he approaches as if looking for his direction. Hannibal strokes the closest dog's head before slipping past them and out to the porch, ensuring the door latches shut behind him.

Hannibal is not surprised Will has shifted, but he is disturbed due to the fact he was not alerted when Will left the bed. Will is more inclined to shift outside of a full moon if he's dealing with a particularly difficult case. Typically, before he and Hannibal started seeing each other he would confine himself in the house, chain himself to ensure he would not wander. He would often neglect sleep until he was unable to stay awake. Hannibal promised he would never have to worry about that again.

Hannibal waits on the porch, examining Will's human foot prints in the snow before he hears another howl in the distance. Hannibal sighs. He flicks on the flashlight he grabbed from the entryway and begins his search for his wayward werewolf.

He keeps sight of Will's tracks, his flashlight glancing over them as he walks. Over time the footprints begin to morph into something a little more beastly before settling into a canine tread. He keeps his ears open for any movement. He trusts Will to recognize him while he is a wolf, but accidents can happen.

Another howl, this one much closer, and the sound of a scuffle breaks out to his right. Hannibal picks up his pace, but does not run. He comes across a clearing where a large shadow of a beast is leaning over something on the ground. The smell of fresh blood clings to the air.

Hannibal runs his flashlight across the scene and the light catches the shine in the large wolf's yellow eyes. The beast is hovering over a dead deer, the blood dripping down from his maw as he snarls at Hannibal. Undeterred, Hannibal sighs and lowers his flashlight. The wolf's eyes can still be seen in the dark, but he soon resumes his meal.

"You should have told me you were still hungry, William," Hannibal says dryly. "I would have cooked something a little more elegant."

His words pass over the wolf as he continues to consume the deer. Hannibal sighs and mutters about Will's poor manners before settling against a tree to wait for his Will to finish.

Once he is done, Will raises his head to regard Hannibal. Hannibal in turn raises his eye brow and holds out Will's jacket.

"Come on now. We both have to be up early in the morning."

Will tilts his head and slowly approaches. He takes a few tentative sniffs before gently butting his head against Hannibal's side. It causes the older man to smile and scratch at the wolf ears presented to him.

"I should be mad at you, William. You are getting blood all over my favorite jacket."

In turn, Will continues to rub his face against Hannibal, determined almost like a cat to get his scent on the human. Hannibal allows it for a moment before taking Will's jacket and placing it across Will's back. "None of that now, Will. Let's go home."

It took a moment, but Will begins to shift back to his human form, and the pointed wolf ears Hannibal was scratching become round human ears covered in curly hair. Yellow fading to blue eyes blink up at Hannibal in a sleepy manner, and Will runs a hand through his hair.

"Hannibal? What's going on?" Will asks. It is always the downside to his shifts. He never can quite remember what happened during these episodes. Hannibal smiled down at him, admiring the way the blood is smeared across Will's lips and cheeks. He helps the other man to his feet and offers him the sweat pants.

"I'll explain on the way home. Let's get you out of the cold."

He lifts the were turned human in to his arms, earning him a scowl and a muttered "I can walk on my own, you know."

"Yes I do know, but I forgot to bring you shoes and in this form you are more prone to frost bite."

Will continues to grumble and is silenced when Hannibal gives him a kiss. His lips come away with blood, and Will's face pales.

"What did I do?" But Hannibal assures him everything is fine.

"Just a deer, dear Will," Hannibal smirks at Will's groan. "Nothing to worry about. Your conscious is clear."

Will sighs and snuggles against Hannibal's neck, effectively smearing more blood on Hannibal's clothes. "You always look out for me."

Hannibal hums in agreement as he makes his way to Will's home. He imagines what it would be like to watch Will as a wolf consuming something other than four legged prey. He just needs to find the perfect victim for his perfect William.

End Notes

Hopefully you'll be seeing more work from me in the next couple of days. I'm planing on uploading some chapters for some other stories and some new Monster!Hannibal stories. Until next time

(and I promise it won't be another year again. Definitely swear.)

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